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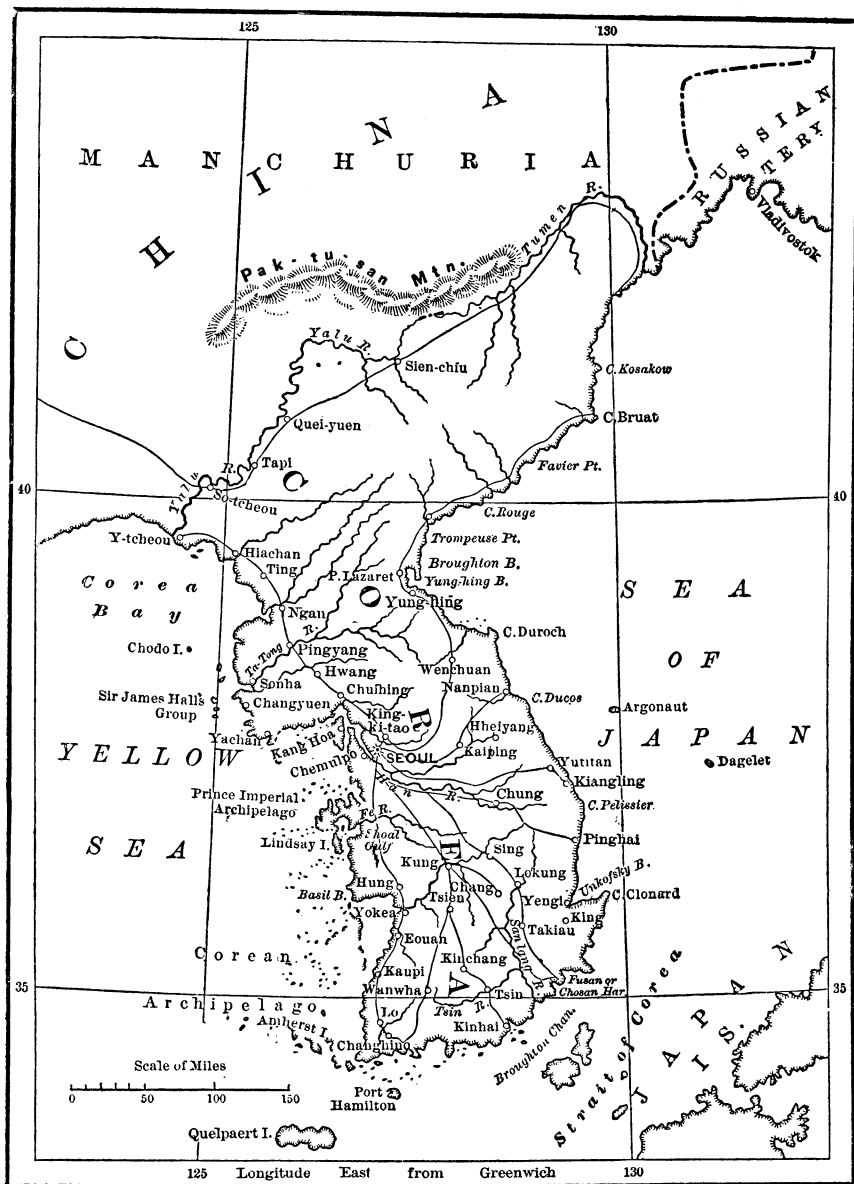
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MAP OF THE CHOSON LAND.

# FROM COREA TO QUELPAERT ISLAND: IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF KUBLAI KHAN.

By

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE OF COREA.—The land of Corea or Chosŏn, for such is the native name of the country, drops down in a peninsula from the Manchurian plateau from the 43d parallel to the 33d parallel north, and is contained within the 125th and 130th meridians east. The northern frontier is marked by the rivers Yalu and Tumen, each having its source (supposed) in the famous *Pak-Tu-San*, Ever White Mountain, a place of many mysteries and innumerable legends. The Yalu running westward pours into the Yellow Sea and the Tumen flowing eastward empties into the Sea of Japan.

The contour of the peninsula is in singular conformity to the shape of a dragon, the ideal emblem of power, which exerts the most potent influence over the Corean mind; which, once swayed by Buddhism and subsequently by the ethics of Confucius, is now almost wholly influenced by Shamanism or the worship of the spirits of earth and air, the Dragon being the supreme agent and recognized alike by prince and peasant. It is not improbable that this configuration of Chosŏn has lent a double significance to "Dragon worship" in which "worship of ancestors" is accounted a mere incident. To establish the comparison, the reader may imagine the dragon's head to rest upon the mouth of the Tumen River in the Sea of Japan, the ears to project to Cape Bruat, the neck to form the indentation at Broughton Bay, the shoulders and back at capes Duroche and Pelissier, the tail at Fusan in the south, prolonged to Quelpaert Island, and the pedal extremities resting upon the islands of the archipelago in the South Yellow Sea and northward in the mouths of the Ta-Tong and the Yalu rivers. The backbone of the dragon on the eastern part of the peninsula is a sinuous range of mountains forming a sort of wall along the Japan Sea throughout the entire length south. The country descends in slopes and circuitous monticules toward the west, forming a succession of fertile valleys through which on their way to the Yellow Sea run the rivers Han, the Ta-Tong, the Yalu and others of less

importance. The climate of Corea is dry and cold in winter, wet and hot in summer. The four seasons in fact are well marked, the three months of spring are mild and temperate, while the autumn months are unsurpassed for their evenness of temperature.

The flora presents a varied and unlimited field of wild specimens, and the mountains which encircle the capital city are adorned in season with flowers of every hue.

The fauna consists of the bear, boar, deer, leopard, and the tiger. The presence of this latter, to be found in great numbers north of the capital and with longer hair and more vigorous body than his Chinese brother from whence through Manchuria he has come to Corea, must vex the naturalist, who will be at a loss to understand why the tiger should have abandoned his native haunts in the jungle to seek the cold and somewhat barren steppes of Manchuria and the distant mountains of Corea. Game of almost every kind is plentiful, and the black and white swan, wild geese, ducks, bustards and golden pheasants abound. The rivers afford fish, oysters, clams and terrapin.

The mineral resources of the country are reputed to be great, and the natives report rich deposits of gold, silver, lead and coal, but for a fact the government hesitates to award concessions to have them opened, alleging that digging into the earth and above all the hill-sides, would disturb the Dragon, and all sorts of ills would surely come out of such desecration. His Majesty Li, however, under a pressure of need of money seems quite disposed to grant concessions now, and only recently an enterprising American missionary visited the United States for the purpose of disposing of royal grants of this nature, but American capital was not allured even by the enthusiastic representations of the sacerdotal agent.

Corea, heretofore known to the outside world as the "Hermit Nation" by reason of her isolation, first opened her ports to Japan in 1876 and in 1882 made a treaty with the United States and subsequently with England, Germany, Russia and France, all of whom maintain, together with China, representatives at Seoul. It is a matter of justice to state that Corea was induced to abandon her policy of seclusion and treat with the outside world—whom she looked upon as "Barbarians from the Western Ocean"—through the friendly offices of Li-Hung-Chang, the liberal minded and distinguished statesman and Viceroy of China.

The change from the old to the new *régime* was not left unchallenged. Corea possessed a large class, and there is but little doubt that she possesses it to-day, a majority who hate the foreigner and who are wedded to the ancient order of things. The *Tai-Wen-Kun*, who was regent during the days of persecution and massacre of the missionaries and their

converts, is no longer in power, His Majesty Li having assumed the reins of actual government in 1873. Although living in retirement the *Tai-Wen-Kun* still exercises great influence, and to him doubtless are due the frequent acts of violence and disorder which have disturbed and even threatened the power of the State, notably in 1882, 1884, 1886 and again in 1888. These biennial revolutions show full well their forecast by the ever potent horoscope guided by the cunning hand of the *Tai-Wen-Kun*. His Majesty Li is descended from the dynasty founded by Li-Tadjo and is the twenty-eighth sovereign of the line. Subsequent to the fall of the Mongol dynasty from the Dragon throne of China in the year 1392, Li-Tadjo, then a young and ambitious soldier, was chosen King of Corea (that is Li-Tadjo murdered the reigning king and succeeded him).

Tadjo, with the instinct of the soldier, caused the capital to be removed from Sunto to its present site at Seoul with a view to utilize its admirable natural defences. His Majesty is known as Tai-Chosön, *Tai-Kun-Chu* (Great King of Great Chosön). He governs with three prime ministers with six boards or departments, each with a president and an unlimited number of vice-presidents. The high rank men are known as *Pansa*, *Champan*, *Chamwei*, with an officer known as *Chusa* who acts as the king's messenger or as interpreter to the different officers.

The revenues are derived from a land tax, the amount of which is an unknown quantity save to the "Chinese-Corean Customs Service," which was organized by China and sent to Corea as a model and which is composed principally of Europeans who have entered that service, and which has been established by Sir Robert Hart. The revenue derived from this service which includes the duties on imports and exports reaches scarcely two hundred thousand dollars, a little more than sufficient to pay the expense of the service itself.

The native taxes are collected by the king and the mandarin class, among whom there is an amicable arrangement as to its distribution, the system bearing a close resemblance to the ancient feudal customs, Corea, in fact, being a feudal government, pure and simple, in which the king and mandarins are after all but feudal barons. Prodigal in the extreme, this revenue is expended in the ever recurring fêtes and festivals, and the government is already deeply indebted to German merchants, who have given it somewhat *carte blanche* in the purchase of arms and the construction of a mint, which is inoperative, because the people refuse to use the newly coined copper money, preferring the copper "cash" of their "daddies," the only money current in Corea.

The discovery of a rich gold mine by the American prospectors, who have recently gone out, is perhaps the only hope to maintain the already seriously impaired credit of the once "Hermit Nation."

The population is variously estimated in numbers at ten to twelve millions of souls, and, more robust than either the Chinese or Japanese, is a type apart from either, and is a composite of the many wild races of the Manchurian plateau, from which it has been evolved. The origin of the Korean people presents an interesting study for the ethnologist, and in this sense as well as geographically the writer was induced during his official residence in Corea to undertake the expedition—an account of which is subjoined, to the island of Quelpaert, or *Chae-Ju*, where he found himself in the footprints of the great Mongol conqueror Kublai-Khan, who undoubtedly constructed the system of fortifications and sea walls, still in excellent repair, and which are garrisoned even now by the descendants of his soldiers left there, and whose very arms and accoutrements are doubtless the same once worn by the veteran legions of the great khan.

The island of Quelpaert or *Chae-Ju*, its native name, is situated south of the peninsula of Corea, about sixty miles, between parallels  $33^{\circ}$  and  $34^{\circ}$  north and meridians  $126^{\circ}$  and  $127^{\circ}$  east from Greenwich.

Forty miles in extent, E. N. E. and W. S. W., it has a breadth of seventeen miles, a high range of mountains traverses its entire length, culminating in the centre by a lofty peak known as HALLA SAN (cloud mountain) 6,500 feet above the sea level.

Two hundred and thirty-five years ago, in the year 1653, the Dutch ship *Sparwehr*, en route from Holland, bound to Nagasaki, was wrecked off the coast of Quelpaert, and of the crew of sixty-four men, thirty-six succeeded in reaching the shore alive. Among these was Hendrik Hamel, who, after fourteen years of imprisonment in Corea, escaped with a few of his surviving companions, and eventually returning to Holland published an account of his sojourn in the land of the "Morning Calm." His story for the first time lent a special interest to Corea, and it was subsequently incorporated in a book published at Amsterdam, 1680, by

Jacob de Meurs, entitled "*Contes des Ambassadeurs Memorables de la Compagnie des Indes Orientales*," and the following extract therefrom is cited as lending a dramatic interest to the island which, besides Hamel, had not been visited by any traveller from the "Western Ocean," nor indeed from any part of the globe, for the inhabitants of *Chae-Ju*, as we shall see, permitted no stranger to visit them. The author of the book, "*Contes des Ambassadeurs*," says :

"The pilot (of the *Sparwehr*), annoyed at not knowing where he was, finally took the latitude of the place and found that it was the Island of Quelpaert, which is in latitude thirty-three degrees, thirty-two minutes. The barbarians, meanwhile, burned all the wood of the vessel, and this nearly cost them their life, the great fire they made having so heated two pieces of cannon that they went off and shattered everything that lay before them in the direction of the sea, towards which they were pointed, though it happened that no men were there. This noise alarmed them so that they all fled as fast as they could ; but they came back soon after and finished their work, when they were assured that the thing would not happen again.

"After this the Hollanders went to see the Governor and made him a present of a bottle of red wine, which he found so good and so much to his liking that he gave them better treatment than they had had, sending them twice a day rice cooked in water; and, moreover, he would have them look on at the punishment of the men who had secretly carried away some fragments of the vessel.

"In this punishment they began by tying the hands behind the back with some bits of the iron that had been stolen; then the men were laid flat on the ground and beaten with sticks on the soles of their feet until they seemed to be half dead."

The amiable old Governor, the account alleges, was shortly after replaced by a man as brutal as his predecessor was kind and gentle. The prisoners endeavored to escape, but, caught in the attempt, they were brought before the Governor, who caused them to be placed in chains, and said :

"What was your plan, and what did you suppose would become of you, wretched men, when you risked yourselves at sea without bread or water or other things necessary to life? They all answered as with one voice that there was no danger they would not face rather than live as they did ; that their comrades in suffering shipwreck had died but once, while the life of those who had fallen into the hands of

his people was a continual death; and there was, therefore, nothing to wonder at if they ran every risk for the sake of liberty, since the very worst that could happen to them was to be punished with death, and they infinitely preferred this to the wretchedness they had to bear when they were prisoners.

"At these words the Governor made a sign to the executioner to do his duty, and at once he gave them, each, twenty-five blows with a stick, which so bruised and battered them that for more than five weeks they were not able to move."

A short time after this rude experience, Hamel and his companions were sent to the mainland of Corea in chains, there to serve out the pains which were theirs during the fourteen long years which elapsed before their escape.

Hamel has said but little about Quelpaert, and the following notes have been collected only after much patient research from Chinese sources, and also from the Japanese. In the "*San Kokf Tsou Ran To Sets*," or *Aperçu Général des Trois Royaumes*, translated from the original Japanese-Chinese by Klaproth, there is the following notice of Quelpaert :

"Tsi-Tcheou Tching is situated to the south of *Nan Yuan Fou*, and upon the island *Nan Pai-Tao*, in the South Sea, and which is also called "*Ile de Tsi-Tcheou*"—*Chae-fu*. The Kings of Chosön established there a city of the second class. It is the ancient *Tan-lo*, where under the reign of the Yuan's (1301), a military as well as naval station was established."

In the history of Corea, entitled *Toung Koué thoung Kian*, cited in *La Grande Encyclopédie Japonaise*, there appears this note :

"Tanlo is an island situated in the sea south of Corea (called on the maps Quelpaert). In the time of *Tcheou Wen Wang*, King of Petsí, the inhabitants for the first time sent tribute to Petsí. There is a mountain which comes up out of the sea. This is what the inhabitants of Tanlo tell about its origin :

"Clouds and mists covered the sea and the earth trembled with a noise of thunder during seven days and seven nights. Finally the waves opened, and there came up out of the sea a mountain more than 100 *tchang* high and having 40 ri in circumference. There were neither plants nor trees, and a thick smoke covered the top, which in the distance seemed as if it were composed of sulphur. *Thian Koung*



*Tchi*, a doctor of the Korean University, went to examine the mountain in detail and made a sketch of it. This event happened under the dynasty of Soung in the 4th year of the reign of the King Té (1007 A. D.).

"In the sixth year *Tchaoting* (1233 of our era), and under the Soung dynasty, the Mongol Emperor Ogadaï sent his general, *Sa-li-tha*, to conquer Corea. The latter arrived, and pushing as far south as the royal city, besieged and took *Tchu-jin tching*.

"The Mongols established in the capital and in the other cities a system of inspectors—seventy-two in number—whom they called *Darokuhatchi*. All of these, it seems, were killed by the people of Kaoli, whereupon the Mongols marched an army (ten corps?) against the Kaoli, and taking in turn every city finally established order and peace, and from the year 1264 A. D. to 1294 the entire country was under the banners of the Mongol empire."

That Quelpaert fell under the sway of the Mongol there is little reason to doubt, for we are told by the same historian that when Thei-Tchung Sun was proclaimed King of Kaoli "he was obliged to seek refuge in the Island of *Tchin-Tao* (Chu-Ja?) an adjacent island to Chae-Ju (Quelpaert), where the Mongols followed, punished him, and *re-established* their authority." So much is gathered from the misty pages of Chinese history.

Quelpaert, it must be admitted, is *terra incognita*. Neither before nor since the days of Hamel has a man from the Western world set foot upon its inhospitable shore.\* Like the imaginary "Islands of the Blest" which existed in the poetic fancies of a past age, Quelpaert was an undiscovered country, nor did Hamel's involuntary visit throw light upon the strange island and its people, for it must be understood that during his stay he was a prisoner, and with his comrades was speedily transferred to the mainland of Corea, to which country there has been a nominal attachment.

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\* A ship was wrecked several years ago on the coast, but the survivors were sent off immediately to the mainland, and thus cannot be said to have visited the island.

The writer, then Secretary of the United States Legation and Consul-General in Corea, was induced to undertake the journey of exploration of the island from the foregoing facts, and, if possible, find there a clue to the somewhat mysterious origin of the Corean people, whose type, neither Chinese nor Japanese, would seem to point to a composite race formed from the various hardy clans which had followed the standards of the great khan in the overflow of the Manchurian plateau whence had come the Kitain, Mongol, Tartar and Turk, out of which had sprung the Corean.

In the month of August, 1888, after much solicitation the Government of His Corean Majesty Li acceded to the writer's request, and through His Excellency, Cho Pyong Sik, the President of the Corean Foreign Office, a special passport or *quanja* was furnished. It is true Mr. Cho said: "You will not be able to go, nor should you persist, the people of the island are savages, and His Majesty greatly fears that harm will come of your visit." Notwithstanding the cold comfort of this counsel, I engaged an interpreter and cook, and fixing upon the port of Fusan as the best point of departure for my destination, I left Seoul on the 4th of September, 1888.

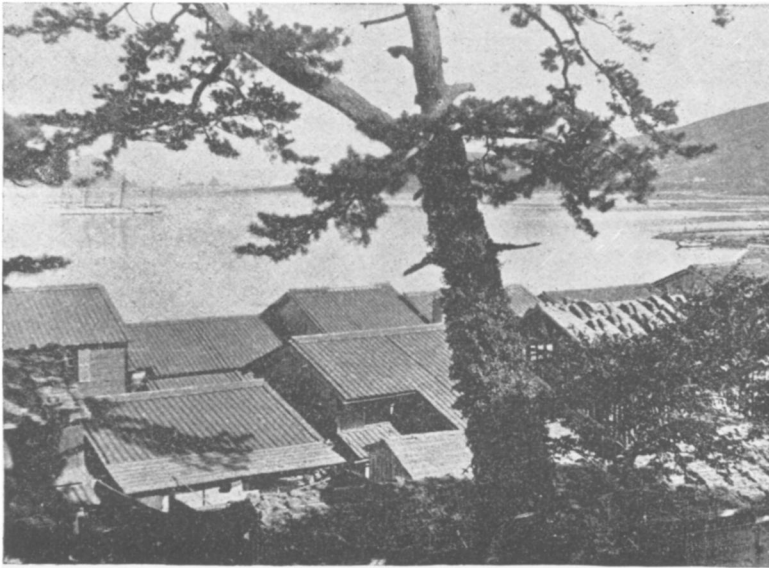
#### I.—THE DEPARTURE.

*1888, 5th September.*—On the 5th of September, accompanied by Kim Wone my interpreter and Chung my cook, both Coreans, I took passage on the steamer *Higo Maru* from Chemulpo to Fusan, where I proposed to engage a boat for Quelpaert.

As the *Higo* steamed out of the harbor of Chemulpo the U. S. vessel *Essex*, then in port sent up her

signals to wish me success and *bon voyage*, to which the *Higo* responded in my name "Many thanks."

On the morning of the 7th we were at Fusan; it so happened that no boats were in port and I was told that it would be necessary to wait for several days. Kim and Chung with luggage went on shore, while I decided to profit by the delay, proceed in the *Higo* to Nagasaki



FUSAN LOOKING SEAWARD.

and completing there my supplies, return by the same steamer to Fusan.

In Nagasaki I was entertained by my numerous naval friends, officers of the U. S. vessels the *Palos* and *Juniata*; by the genial American Consul Mr. Birch, and by my friend, J. M. Stoddart, a grand whole souled son of Scotland, who obliged me *vi et armis* to quit my hotel

to become his guest. Whilst in Nagasaki S. induced me to take a *jinriksha* and visit the boiling springs of *Ungen* and *Obama*, 30 miles distant, a most novel and interesting sight, to say nothing of the magnificent and picturesque scenery along the route. I was enabled also to have a glimpse into the inner life of the peasant people, and of course was elegantly entertained in the superb tea-houses—refectories—which distinguish the Japanese above all other people. At *Ungen* and *Obama* I had a peep into bath houses where fifty or more natives of both sexes and of all ages were bathing together perfectly unconscious of any infraction of law, moral or otherwise. Nor was there infraction of any Japanese law, nor was there the slightest intimation of rudeness or vulgarity. *Honi soit qui mal y pense* seemed to be written in these simple, happy hearted people's minds, and was certainly strong enough to preserve a decorum that was irreproachable. In the Western world it would have been called "shocking!" in Japan it was not considered at all bad form, another proof of the maxim *autres peuples, autres mœurs*.

Returning, the *Higo* stopped at the *Gotos* and *Tshu-shimas*, "beautiful isles of the sea," where I went on shore and roamed about for several hours amid the peaceful shades and cool sequestered vales, where devotees of Buddha with an eye to the beautiful have placed their shrines. On the 19th, I was back at Fusan. Installed at the hotel "Kokei-ti," I set about securing a boat. Mr. H., the collector of the port, had made every effort for me, but as yet in vain. Finally, he kindly accompanied me to enlist the aid of His Excellency, *Yu Kee Han*, the Corean Superintendent of Trade. The latter put on his

official robes and took us on board of a Corean junk whose captain he supposed would immediately incline to his wishes and treat with me, but not so; the captain positively refused and said: "I will not take the foreigner to Chae-Ju. Kill me if you will now, for if I took him I should be killed. No man can go to Chae-Ju." Mr. Yu was furious: he caused the captain's hat to be knocked off, the greatest indignity a Corean can suffer, and ordered him to be marched off to prison, but I intervened and had him released. The incident was discouraging and served to show me the impossibility of securing a Corean junk in Fusan.

Through the kind interference of Mr. Murota, the Japanese Consul, I was at length furnished a Japanese boat, a *Sampan*, a mere fishing skiff, but reputed a good sea boat. I was told that I could make the journey with this through the Inland Sea, and arriving at Soando, the extreme southwestern point of the Corean peninsula, there procure a Corean junk with which to make the difficult *traversée* to Chae-Ju. There was no other alternative, therefore, and I at once concluded an arrangement with the Japanese captain and his crew of four men. Our *sampan* was little more than twenty feet in length and six feet in width, and, what with myself and personnel, must contain eight souls, a fact which added greatly, as may be imagined, to the risk of the undertaking. "What," I asked Mr. Murota, "will the people of Quelpaert think of such a journey?" Five hundred miles in such a tiny craft would certainly prove to be a surprise even for such "toilers of the sea," as the pirates of Chae-Ju, should we be compelled by chance to make the entire journey in the *sampan*.

## II.

On the afternoon of the 22d of September, our luggage being safely stowed on board, we bade adieu to the entire European colony, five in number, assembled to see us off, and having set our somewhat primitive sail, we glided swiftly out of the harbor amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs of our friends, and favored by a good stiff breeze Fusan soon faded upon the sight, and ere nightfall we had entered the Inland Sea, not less beautiful than the famed Inland Sea of Japan. After sun-down the wind had freshened and our boat, which we baptized the *Bravo Maru*, danced and beat the sea in such a violent way that it was decided to run in under the shore, and, finding that this was attended with some danger, to anchor for the night under cover of a friendly headland.

At sunrise on the 22d the *Bravo Maru* was again under sail, and bounding along with a fair wind on our quarter.

The Inland Sea was quite unknown to Europeans, and had been navigated till now only by Japanese and Korean fishermen. Like the formation of the mainland, the sea itself is a succession of basins formed by a circular range of cold grey peaks and cones, whose bare and pointed summits, like church spires or castle turrets, cut the air with such symmetrical lines that they seem fashioned by the hand of human art, or, assuming some fantastic or diabolic shape, appear the device of demons. Even so in the Inland Ocean. Here are the same granite giants grouped in amphitheatral array, rising out of the sea instead of the valleys. They envelop, seem to follow you as you sail along and, clos-

ing around you at times, bar the passage. A color is given to the beautiful panorama by cultivated patches of green on isle and mainland and by the contrast with the deep blue of the water. At sunrise, when the sun flashes its first rays upon the horizon, it covers these solemn stony sentinels with a blush of purple and gold which defies the brush as well as the pen of the most inspired artist and writer to portray.

*25th September.*—On the 25th, at night, we ran into *Soando* (placed on the Admiralty chart as “Crichton Harbor”). It was from this place I proposed, if possible, to obtain a Korean junk with which to make the somewhat dangerous *traversée en pleine mer* to Quelpaert. Although quite dark I immediately landed, and accompanied by Kim took my way to the village, to which we were guided by lights and by the barking of dogs. After some difficulty we succeeded in awakening the people, who gathered from all quarters of the town and stared at us with amazement and fear depicted in their faces. Kim’s Korean costume and our passports and *quanja* finally reassured them, and shortly after the chief, who had doubtless been waiting developments, arrived upon the scene.

We had been told that a mandarin was in command, but the chief proved to be only a “low rank man.” He was a very good fellow, however, and when he had carefully looked over our papers and became convinced that we were friends, he advised us to move our boat to a more secure harbor and sent with us a man as a guide, promising to call upon me in the morning.

*26th September.*—On the morning of the 26th the chief, accompanied with his escort, came to see us. We

received him with marked consideration, and at the end of a long *séance* I broached the question of the Korean junk with which to make the *traversée* to Quelpaert. The chief insisted that there was but one boat in port, pointing to a miserable looking craft which was moored near by and which, by parenthesis, was then serving as a *pig-pen* !

I was, I need scarcely add, greatly discouraged by this *dénouement*. As I have said, I dreaded to take the open sea with my *sampan*, and dreaded also to be handicapped by my Japanese sailors, for between the latter and the Coreans there has been bad blood ever since the terrible invasion of the armies of the Tycoon, the horrors of which are still fresh in the minds of the Coreans. This feeling promised to be more pronounced in Quelpaert on account of the incursions made by Japanese fishermen upon the fishing reserves of the people along the coast. In my dilemma the chief proved to be my *mascot*, for when he had been well filled up with wine by Kim he became most generous, and said : “ Say to the *Taine*\* that I have a pilot here, a man from Quelpaert who will take him across to Chae-Ju.” Suiting the action to the word, he sent off for the man, and presently he came, a tall brigandish looking fellow, apparently 60 years of age. The chief called him up, made him sign a paper, which he presented him, and in a few moments *Yang Man Tuk* took his place on board, happy in the prospect of returning to his home. I re-engaged my Japs for the round trip, and the matter was thus settled.

*27th September.*—The 27th was passed in the harbor

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\* *Taine*.—A term applied to all persons belonging to the upper classes.



of Soando waiting for a fair wind. During the day I was given an opportunity of witnessing the expert manner in which the Japanese catch *tai*, a very fine fish resembling our red perch, and when wearied of the sport I went on shore with my camera and photographed the port, and the people who had assembled to have a look at us. At 5 P. M. *Yang Man Tuk*, with the instincts of a sailor, announced a change of wind. Standing on a ledge of rocks near by the *Bravo Maru*, he pointed toward Quelpaert in the south, and looking toward me, said :

“ *Taine ouriga Chae-Ju ril niil pogesso.*—Excellency, we will Chae-Ju go to-morrow see,”—being the literal translation. The attitude and pose of Tuk were inimitable ; bidding him keep his position, I brought my camera to bear upon him, securing thus not only a portrait of Yang Man Tuk, but at the same time a picture of little *Bravo Maru* in the bay of Soando.

Following the directions of our pilot we got under way at sundown and pulled out to Advance Island, a distance of ten miles or more, and there under the lee of the rocks in a little port we cast anchor and spent the night.

*28th September.*—Tuk proved himself a prophet, for at 4 A. M. the watchful captain announced a fair wind and shortly after the *Bravo Maru* was on her course, pointed for Quelpaert, whose monster outlines could be seen even through the mists of morning in the far distance.

The little craft when fairly out upon the open sea was shot along upon the rough billows rather than sailed. A big sea was on, and I fully realized the danger as she was followed by both wind and wave, which threatened

to topple us over completely. Reef after reef was taken in under the orders of Tuk, who sat the while in the prow serving as ballast as well as pilot, grimly smoking his pipe; Kim and Chung were much too busy in arranging their accounts with Neptune to note the danger. As for myself I had ample time to reflect upon the probabilities of reaching Quelpaert, and it was by no means reassuring to see that Tuk had abandoned his pipe and watched carefully the little boat lest she should be swamped.

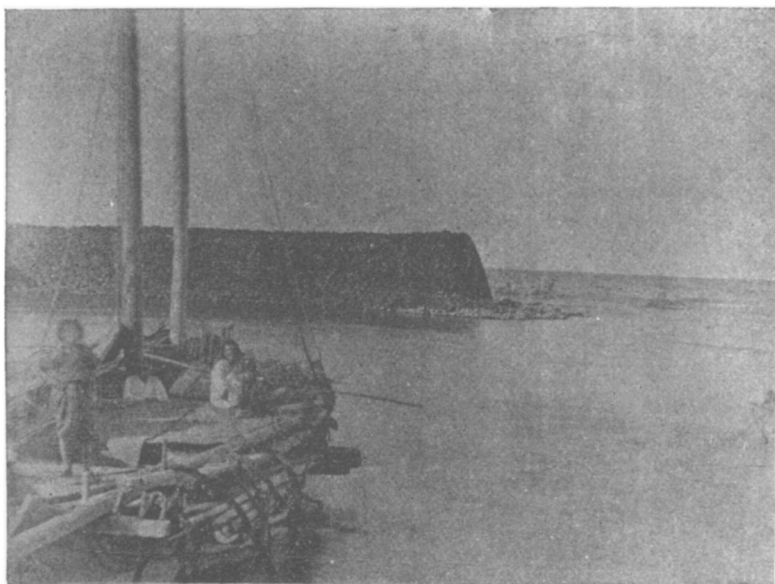
At noon Halla-San towered above us in all his majesty, and an hour later, half drowned with the seas which had washed over us during the entire trip, we passed from the dangers of the sea into the port to enter upon another phase of peril which menaced us from the land, for the grim, black rock walls of the port fairly swarmed with human beings attracted by our approach. We had arrived at Quelpaert! Should we be allowed to land? And if on land should we be permitted to return? With these reflections and the recollections of Hamel in chains passing in my mind, our little boat glided into the smooth waters of the interior port.

### III.—THE PORT AND CITY OF PELTO.

As we neared the shore there was a clamor of voices from the multitude, a wild, savage looking set of men, in whose fierce faces there was blended an expression of astonishment: "Who are you?" "Where are you from?" "Why do you come here?" "No foreigner can land in Chae-Ju; be off." These and other expressions, insulting and defiant, decided me that any attempt

to land for the moment would simply cut short our career in Chae-Ju. "Kim," I said, in a stern way, for I saw he was weakening badly, "stand up and show your Corean dress to these people; tell them "to hold their tongues, we do not care to land until the mandarin so orders. Send your chief to us."

The very audacity of the challenge amazed the mob,



PORT PELTO.—SEA-WALL BUILT BY THE GREAT KHAN.

and in a moment a man came forward, took our proffered papers—passport and *quanja*—and disappeared, followed by a curious crowd, eager to learn the reason of our visit.

"A foreigner come to Chae-Ju; what an impiety! What a calamity!" Such were the muttered ejaculations of those who remained and looked down upon us

from the walls, or jostled each other for place along the quay to catch a glimpse of the white man. The situation was novel, but it was not new. It brought to mind my *entrée* into the capital of Uganda in 1874 and the thousands who thronged to catch a glimpse of me and my horse—for white man nor horse had ever been seen before—and then when they saw me dismount! their flight in terror at the unlooked-for sight, for they had taken me for a centaur!

In Quelpaert it was the *white man* alone, and not the horseman, who engaged all the attention of the people. Nor was there much fear that my visit, as in Uganda, would be attended with the bloody drama which was one of the special privileges of King M'Tsé—continued even after his *conversion* to Christianity. Let me hasten to anticipate my story and reassure the reader, for happily, the human sacrifices made in my honor in Uganda have no place in my experiences in Quelpaert.

Whilst waiting for an answer from the Governor, and somewhat reassured by the calm which had succeeded the storm of excitement with which we had been welcomed, I had time to take a look at the port and the city from the boat.

The port of Peldo is formed within two projecting hills which jut out from Halla-San, comparable to the fore-paws of some colossal sphinx. Within the space embraced by these projections there is a sort of bay, in which, extending from the city wall, are several lines of breakwaters constructed with much care and skill, all of which—city walls and breakwaters—are built with a black volcanic rock several feet thick and sufficiently high to afford protection for the small craft for which it

is destined. An exterior line run from one point to the other would constitute, at small cost, an admirable port for steamers and vessels of large draught.

The city of Pelto is known to the modern cartographer as "North City," in default of any other name. It is built in the valley, or, rather, on the hill-side, for Halla-San, as we have said, runs out to the sea—from out of the sea I should say, to follow the legend. The city consisting of 600 houses, perhaps, with the usual Corean enumeration of five souls to the house, gives a population of three thousand. The houses are built of black rock, with thatched roofs. Surrounded by a wall of the same material, the town has an air of solidity which gives it the appearance of having been a fortified place. In fact, it is out of this very port, doubtless, that the Mongols sailed with their fleets to prey upon the commerce of that day, and here, perhaps, was the *chef-lieu* where they organized their successful invasions of Corea.

Night fell and still no answer from our dispatches; the wind went down somewhat with the sun, but was from the north, and consequently adverse, should we be obliged to "scuttle out." To meet any emergency we literally went to sleep on our oars, our Japs being warned that if hostility should be shown we were to cut and run, but that no one was to "board ship" under any pretext. To enforce this we were to use our knives, with which we were all well armed.

*29th September.*—At 2 A. M. we were challenged—"a messenger from the Prefect of Police!" Awakened, I told him to ask the man, who appeared in a boat, accompanied with several others, what they wanted; they

replied: "Mr. Kim to come on shore, the Prefect desires to see him." "By no means," I cried—"come in the morning, Mr. Kim can't see you to-night." And the messenger disappeared in the darkness. The incident was calculated to make us somewhat nervous as to its real intention, and for a certain time it seemed as if the precautions taken as to defence were most seasonable.

On the 29th I waited until 10 A. M., and was about to send a messenger to the Prefect, when he sent a *kissu*\* to request that Kim should come on shore because he wished to arrange for my reception. Kim accordingly arrayed himself in his gala clothes and sallied forth, and returned about an hour afterward with the information that the tent being erected on shore was put up for my reception. At noon there was a blare of trumpets, with discordant notes of Korean reed instruments and the bagpipe—the Scotch bagpipe being certainly of Korean origin (?)—the strange cries of coolie servants, bearers of sedan chairs, and then two standards were planted at the tent door, from which floated banners of orange and red colors and on which were painted strange devices. Behind these came the Prefect and his escort. When the officials had entered the tent a messenger came to say that the *Taine* was awaited.

I was dressed for the occasion in a uniform which had seen some service, but was still elegant and attractive. The gold lace and rich braid struck a chord in the fancy of the people who crowded about us, as accom-

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\* *Kissu*, a corps of independent soldiers employed in Corea as messengers by all officials.

panied by Kim I proceeded to the tent, around which surged and struggled a mass of men—to get a look at me—and who were kept at bay only by a number of policemen armed with a formidable paddle known as *conjang*, an instrument—an enormous paddle—which in Chae-Ju, as in Corea, inspires the public with some respect, for without the *conjang* it is difficult to command the respect of the multitude. The paddle does this effectually. Entering the tent I found myself in the presence of two officials dressed in a costume resembling that of the ancient Tartars; the black felt bell-crowned hat, with peacock feather and long red tassels, being its chief feature. The Prefect of Police—for such I learned was the office of the chief—as well as his aide-de-camp, who sat beside him, wore immense colored crystal goggles after the manner of almost all Oriental men of rank, ostensibly for protection to the eyes, but in reality a pure affectation, which is supposed to lend dignity to their bearing. As I looked around me the scene was novel in the extreme, and not a little embarrassing. All eyes and necks were strained in the effort to get a look at me, and hear my response to the interrogatories addressed me by the Prefect. “Who are you? Why did you come to Chae-Ju, and why did you come alone? Chae-Ju, you must know, is forbidden land. Are you a missionary?” Notwithstanding the gravity of the situation I laughed outright at this last question, and answered: “Do I look like one?” pointing at the same time to my uniform. In turn they laughed and said: “No, you do not, in fact.” I could only surmise that the official had come from Corea and had imbibed there the prejudice against the missiona-

ries, and hence the query. To all of these interrogatories I plead my passport and *quanja*, and turning to the Prefect, said: "My business is with the Governor; why does he not receive me?" To this no reply was vouchsafed. One of my Japanese sailors was sent for and his answers to a multitude of questions were duly enregistered. The date of our arrival, names, etc., were inscribed, to all of which we were asked to affix our signatures. This may serve some future Oriental society in Chae-Ju a thousand years hence to commemorate our visit, or "to point a moral or adorn a tale" to be told by some future voyager.

As usual on such occasions a repast was brought in consisting of fried sea-weed, fish, *chun-boc*, rice and other edibles, the character of which was unknown to me. *Sul*, an extract of barley common in Corea, was also served. I partook of the sea-weed and drank the *sul*. Kim said to me after he had watched me for some time: "Don't eat the food nor drink the *sul*, it may be poisoned." "You are a fine fellow," I said, in disgust. "Has it only now occurred to you to counsel caution when you have seen me take enough to settle me?" The general conversation of the officials, in which the attendants joined, ran upon the quality and cut of my clothes. The people of Quelpaert, in common with those of Corea, are maniacs on the subject of dress. An outward appearance of clean linen is indispensable to the gentleman, however unclean his person or undergarments. My field glass was the next special object of wonder. In fact it had already won for me special consideration in Corea, as well as in Chae-Ju. When shown how to use it and directing it towards Halla-San they could plainly discover objects thereon,



they held out their hands as if to touch the mountain, and said, "this is surely magic." When in Uganda I won the favor of the king and the people with a galvanic battery, and became in their imagination a sort of *Deus ex machinâ*. In Quelpaert I won the esteem of the people with my field glass, assuming in their eyes to be possessed of a power as great as that of a *Dragon* and the "All seeing Argus."

Finally, wearied with the audience, which seemed interminable, I arose to go, bowed myself out, and followed by the people returned to my boat. Later on the Prefect came to see me, and Kim entertained him for several hours. He made him a few presents, and the Prefect finally said, that he hoped during the night to have a reply from the Governor. Kim said to him that I was quite tired of the delay and that I protested against my being compelled to remain on my boat, for the reader will understand that neither myself nor people were allowed to land for a moment; we were in fact prisoners.

IV.—CHU-SONG, THE CAPITAL CITY.

*30th September.*—During the night, as promised by the Prefect, he sent a message to say that orders had been received from the Governor to escort me to the capital at 10 A. M. Official recognition, it was evident, had dispelled all idea of violence, judging from the changed attitude of the people, which was no longer one of menace, but still of insatiable curiosity. At 9 A. M. the whole town was in an uproar, there was a clanging of rude instruments, the screech of ear-racking pipes or flutes, and the gathering of the queer host which com-

posed our escort. The Prefect and his subordinates were out in their gorgeous and vari-colored robes. At the last moment he came to say that the Governor had ordered one of my Japanese sailors to come along also. "Why?" I asked, rendered somewhat suspicious of such a strange request. In fact I felt no little uneasiness on this account, knowing the hostility of the people generally to the Japanese. My fears fortunately were groundless, for he passed through the ordeal all right.

Promptly at 10 o'clock, in full dress and accompanied by Kim and Chung, I bade our Japs be of good cheer, warning them not to leave the boat upon any pretext whatever, and left them, promising to be absent but a short time. We passed through the town on foot, accompanied by the Prefect, and joined the escort which awaited us.

The spectacle which met my gaze was startling! Mounted on little ponies I beheld two hundred or more men, holding in their hands, each, a banner or flag on which was inscribed some strange device. Their dress consisted of a complete coat of mail, whilst on their heads they wore a round copper or brass helmet surmounted with a heavy spike. From the helmet a curtain of plated leather fell upon the shoulders, and down over the faces of the warriors themselves a mass of long black hair straggled in disorder, lending to the great black eyes, set in faces bronzed to a mahogany hue, an expression of brutality, anything but pleasant to the sight. Covered with dust and clothed in a dress several centuries old, what wonder that I started as at a ghostly apparition of what seemed a detachment from the armies of Genghis and Kublai Khan, or again a part of the

conquering hosts of the Mongol emperor, who set his seal of empire upon *Tanlo* as early as 1233?

These rough looking soldiers interested me strangely. It was in fact the grand object of my journey, as I have said, to mark the difference between the confused types in Corea and these people, who, I assumed, would show by reason of their isolation a more distinctive and pronounced type of the race to which they belonged.

It was only too manifest that the men before me, the traditional and professional soldiers of Chae-Ju, had descended from the time, 650 years before, when military garrisons had been placed in the island. Their arms, of the most primitive pattern, and accoutrements and armor, all bore the imprint of great age and were undoubtedly the same which, handed down through successive generations, had been worn by their valiant warrior ancestors in their conquest of Corea and their final occupation of *Tanlo*.

Whilst I indulged in these speculations the column formed, the bugles, accompanied by the shrill notes of the bagpipe, sounded the march, and in single file it moved on. Not so, however, the wild little mustang which had been designated as my mount. Untamed and unbroken, he certainly was, for the two men who held him by means of ropes on each side kept the beast at arm's length and durst not approach him. I mounted at length by a ruse, and then commenced a series of gyrations and gymnastics which I have rarely seen equalled, even in the camp of Buffalo Bill. When the brute had well-nigh kicked himself out of joint he finally concluded to join the march, but after a short distance refused to move. The column halted again, and quite in despair I dismounted,

having won some applause for not having had my neck broken, as I had every reason to suspect had been the intention of the Prefect in giving me the brute.

A march of two hours brought us to the south gate of *Chu-song*. The approach to the capital leads through a narrow street, flanked on each side by high black walls which deflect from the main wall which incloses the city itself. The ponderous gate was shut, and we were obliged to dismount and wait the orders of the Governor to open it, this being an ancient custom in Quelpaert where, contrary to the rule in Corea, the gates are never closed either night or day, except on the occasion of the arrival of a guest.

On the walls of the city on all sides swarmed a mass of human heads who peered down from their perches upon us, or crowded around to suffocation to catch a glimpse of the stranger. An hour of this painful ordeal was passed, in which I was subjected to a good deal of rude jostling. One fellow came up and thrust his face close to mine, leered at me, and, like some insolent *gamin*, said boo ! boo ! as if to frighten me, all of which caused no little merriment among the crowd. The Prefect all this time stood aloof, and Kim and Chung provokingly clung to him and seemed afraid lest the people should identify them with me. Fortunately, at this juncture the Governor's commands were received, the gates were opened, and, remounting, we filed into the streets of the capital. As the column passed through the dense mass which blocked the way, the *conjangs* were applied to the backs of the people most unmercifully by the guards, who ran along on each side of the column, shouting and gesticulating.

Proceeding a short distance, the head of the column suddenly turned westward, and after a march of five minutes debouched on a broad plaza, on each side of which were drawn up in single file a hundred or more soldiers, the counterpart of those who composed my escort.

At this moment a gun was fired ; it demoralized Kim completely, and I confess that I was somewhat startled myself, for I did not know its significance. It might have been the signal for a fête or an execution. Evidently Kim thought it was the latter, for he broke away from me and disappeared in the crowd. I called him back, reassured him, and together we followed the master of ceremonies, who now approached and conducted us through the dense mass of people and along the lines of as wild and barbaric looking men as it is possible to imagine, and whose forefathers, perhaps, had received in some such fashion the visit of the great conqueror of that day, Kublai Khan.

At the end of the broad plaza stood the audience hall, where sat the mandarin surrounded by all the paraphernalia and people which hedge about a throne. The Governor of Chae-Ju, in fact, is an uncrowned king, but his authority is by no means absolute, as he himself confessed to me. Led by the master of ceremonies, we reached the steps of the audience chamber. Kim there left me to enter by a side-door, whilst the master of ceremonies threw himself upon his hands and knees, where he remained, until passing quickly through the passage way I gained the presence of the mandarin, and with uncovered head took the proffered seat of honor on his left, beside which now stood my interpreter Kim.

The Governor was a man of perhaps fifty years. His features were cleanly cut and his face clearly of the Tartar type, although somewhat obscured by a pair of huge spectacles of smoked glass. Dressed in a court costume of rich and vari-colored silk, his hat of black felt was ornamented with the decoration of a peacock's feather and other insignia of high office. He opened the conversation by expressing regret at the delay in according me a reception. Dropping his voice to a whisper, he said to Kim : " Say to the *Taine* that his visit has caused me great trouble, and I fear much for him as I do for myself. Two hundred people have come to me to protest against his coming here, or his being allowed to land as a violation of the laws of Chae-Ju. I have," he continued, " told them that you are neither missionary nor merchant, but a representative of a foreign nation and a friend of Corea. This has appeased them, but as you value your life do not attempt to go up to the top of Halla-San, and go away as soon as possible." The Governor added : " One hundred days of sacrifices must be performed in any case before attempting to climb the mountain in order to propitiate the spirits of Halla-San. If this be not done great evils would surely follow, and this is the great cause of the people's hostility. I could not protect the *Taine* against the fury of the people."

" Tell his Excellency," I said to Kim, " that the *Taine* did not come to Chae-Ju to violate the customs of the people or bring upon them the ills which he says would follow. The *Taine* will not go to Halla-San." This announcement caused a murmur of approbation

to run through the assemblage, and the Governor was apparently much gratified.

A *chow* (repast) was brought in, of which I partook sparingly. During this time Kim was asked a thousand and one questions about myself, and what he didn't know he supplied from his fertile imagination, and if the Governor should be addicted to writing history I am certainly booked for a place in the annals of Chae-Ju not less grand than that of the great Khan.

Finally, the Governor perceived that I had quite enough of him for that day, and, much to my satisfaction, he turned me over to his master of ceremonies, whom he ordered to conduct me to the quarters to which I had been assigned. Shade of Hamel! I shall ever have cause to remember my habitation in Chae-Ju. I spare the reader the description. "Kim," I exclaimed, "they gave me a pony this morning to break my neck, and now we are to be asphyxiated. The Fates of Chae-Ju are implacable." Kim, as well as Chung, however, seemed much pleased and the reason was made apparent, for I heard Chung say: "Master no likee; stinkee muchee, he must go away." Chung was right, for no human being could withstand the awful odor of the place. "Ask for a guard," I said to Kim, "I will do this place up as speedily as possible; observations and photographs in the morning; back to Pelto at night, *you savez?*"

v.

Chu-Song is situated perhaps a mile from the sea, and certainly not more than five miles from Pelto, its port. Seen from an eminence it presents the appearance of a Korean city, but the houses, though rude, are

much more solidly constructed. The streets are wider as a rule than those of Seoul, dirty of course, but devoid of trenches, nor so horribly foul as the latter city.

The wall which encircles the city is quite twenty-five feet high, built of black volcanic rock, mounted at intervals with towers and turrets, which serve as lookouts. Three gates give entrance to the city: Tong-Mou, east gate; Su-Mou, west gate, and Nam-Mou, south gate. The three principal cities of Quelpaert are Chu-Song, Chong-Hai in the east-southeast, and Tai-Chong\* in the southwest. Chu-Song has a population roughly estimated at 25,000, the other cities 5000 each, the entire population of the island reaching certainly 50,000.

The public building is the audience hall, an imposing structure built in the Chinese Yamen style. It has evidently been renewed of late years, rather built anew, for alongside of these comparatively new buildings there stand the ancient structures falling in ruins. A large bell within a kiosque stands on the right of the audience hall, something after the model in the *Chong-No* at Seoul. What its particular office is I could not learn absolutely, except that I was told that it was tolled to keep off the evil dragon. It was not to ring the people in doors at night, or toll the women out, as in Seoul, nor close nor open the gates, for none of these customs prevail in Chu-Song. The gates are never closed except upon such occasions as we have cited, and both sexes are free to circulate at all hours, day or night.

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\* The harbor of Tai-Chong, known as Yung-Su, is a good port in which large vessels and steamers can find good anchorage. It is said to be the very best harbor of the whole coast.



The country from Pelto to Chu-Song is well tilled, and as far as the eye can reach over hill and dale and far up the sides of Halla-San, there are cultivated patches well inclosed by walls built in squares, I was told, to protect their crops against the incursions of wild animals. The principal cereals grown are beans, peas, barley, millet, buckwheat and wheat, with also a little rice, but wheat is the staff of life, which may account for the good physique of both the male and female.

Oranges, limes and several kinds of nuts and plums are plentiful. The fauna consists of the wild boar, bear and deer. The natives assured me that there were great quantities of wild geese, swans, golden pheasants and quail, but I cannot vouch for the statement, for I saw none during my stay in the island.

The islanders are, of course, fishermen, and use for their trade a sort of double decked raft, a curious arrangement, great numbers of which may be seen near the port of Pelto. A monster bivalve called *Chun-boc* is found here in great quantities. The clam, for such, in fact, it is, is greatly prized as an article of food when dried, and the shell furnishes a beautiful *nacre* or mother of pearl. The Japanese fishermen along the coast have discovered this, and, when they dare, approach and stealthily fish and even barter with the natives, whose prejudices yield at times to the tempting offer of cloths and small wares offered in exchange. The *Chun-boc* taken to Fusan is exported to Japan, where it is greatly valued for the inlaid work and ornamentation, in which the Japanese show great skill.

Hamel, in speaking of the Coreans, said: "As for

religion, the Coreans have scarcely any. They know nothing of preaching or mysteries, and therefore have no disputes about religion." This is most true of Quelpaert. The religion of Buddha entered Corea in the fourth century and reached its apogee of power and splendor from 960 to 1592, A. D. It built splendid monasteries and temples, some of which are still maintained, but religion and temples are fast dying out of Corea. The accession of Tadjö to the throne of Corea sounded the knell of Buddhism in the land. It is difficult to ascertain how it was accomplished, but it is a significant fact that the priests who once represented a refined and cultured religion are at this moment relegated as soldiers to the defences of the mountain fortresses, which were the inspiration of this soldier king, who by thus secluding them secured not only the best soldiery for defence, but struck a fatal blow at the same time to Buddhism, which from that moment perished for want of contact with its natural sources. Buddhism in Corea was the mother of that art and literature which seem to have astonished those, who have found it curious that a people reputed barbarian should possess the elements of art. It was not, however, in any sense a Corean art, but an exotic plant brought from India, doubtless at the same time that it introduced an alphabet which, notwithstanding its association with the Chinese, is distinctly and particularly Indian. M. Léon De Rosny in his book entitled "Les Peuples Orientaux connus des anciens Chinois," says *à propos* to this subject :

"Les migrations indiennes qui ont apporté, dans le pays de Tchao-sien (Chosön), les caractères indiens, n'ont pas été sans y introduire les grandes doctrines du

brahmanisme et du bouddhisme, et, avec elles, les principaux monuments de la littérature hindoue.”

To those who have claimed that it was from Corea that a religion and art were introduced into Japan, it is only necessary to reply, that the undisputed fact is only another proof that it was neither Corean nor Japanese, but, as M. Rosny has asserted, Indian. Every vestige of a pseudo Corean art has faded and gone since the temple was closed, and the so-called literature of Corea exists to-day only in an affectation of Chinese letters. Buddhism, it is certain, obtained a footing in Quelpaert, for along the streets through which we made our entry I did not fail to remark four large statues of Buddha, hewn from solid black rock and worn and defaced by the hand of time.

The religion of Quelpaert, like that of Corea, is simply a belief in the spirits of earth and air, an admixture of the worship of ancestors, with some idea of the transmigration of souls, but over all the Dragon power is the predominating element. The mountain Halla-San is the spirit god of Quelpaert. All trace of Buddha has gone save the stone images which the Mongol conquerors had failed to destroy.

#### HALLA-SAN.

Halla-San, lofty, grand and majestic, casts its shadow over the city of Chu-Song, as it does over Pelto. From the piazza of my house in Chu-Song, the view of the mountain was surpassingly lovely. Immediately to the south there is a large orange and lime grove from which a delightful and refreshing aroma is exhaled, which touches our olfactories now and again, render-

ing the noisome air which surrounds our habitation all the more vexatious and insupportable. The afternoon sun casts its rays upon the mountain, causing it to appear quite near, while its topmost peaks, no longer cloud-capped, tower above the cloud rifts which have settled below, looking as if Halla-San was a grand highway to heaven itself. There is but little wonder, I said to myself, that these simple people should invest the great mountain with special sanctity. That these clouds are but vapor arising from the thermal sources in the mountain there is every reason to conclude, for I had noted the peculiar character and color of the clouds, which maintained a certain uniformity until the noon of each day, when the vapor ascended and left the summit bare for the rest of the day.

I was told that in the mountain there were three large lakes named, respectively, Pang Mok Tam, Tong-Chang-Ul, and Su-Chang-Ul.

The courtyard of my house in Chu-Song was crowded from morning until night with the people who struggled for place to get a sight of me. I tried in vain to secure some seclusion, and failing in this I turned the assemblage to account by endeavoring to secure some of the traditions of the people. With this in view, I engaged the master of ceremonies in conversation, adroitly provoking him to speak rather than to question, which would have effectually thwarted my object. Finally I brought him to the point. He said : " Halla-San is the home of a great spirit. No one can ascend to the top of the mountain, it is the home of a fairy goddess, and no one can see the face of the goddess and live. Our Governor for this reason, as well that the people would have been

angered, would not let you go. Halla-San," the old man continued, "is the beginning of the world; it was there man was first created. Yes," he said, "one day there came up out of the mountain three men, *Yang-ul-la*, *Ko-ul-la* and *Po-ul-la*, and stood each in the presence of the other; when they had recovered from their surprise they descended to the sea-shore, when lo! there appeared in the distance borne swiftly upon the waves a huge box which was thrown upon the sand at their feet. Yang, Ko and Po opened the lid when there jumped out *three* beautiful ladies. Of course they married them. They then returned to their mountain home, and there they found every sort of grain, fruits, fowls and animals. *Chae-Ju* was thus created, and after *Chae-Ju*, the world." "What about *Tanlo-Gook*? (Kingdom of Tanlo)" I asked, anxious to discover if the ancient Mongol name had found a place in their traditions. To my surprise and delight, Mr. Shim replied: "*Chae-Ju* was once called *Tamna-Gook*, and at that time, many hundreds of years ago, was governed by a beautiful queen, who, besides being possessed of great strength, was also a great warrior. The king of Corea became very jealous of this queen, and sent his warrior, *Chae Chung Goon*, at the head of 300,000 men to subdue and capture her. The queen was able to defy the *Goon* until one day, having made sacrifices to Halla-San, the *Goon* was inspired to set fire to the trees and woods with which the island was covered, and the queen was killed, after which the *Goon*, when he saw the lifeless body of the queen, killed himself. From that day *Tamna-Gook* has been called *Chae-Ju*."

*Tamna-Gook*, it is evident by its similarity, is only another term for *Tanlo-Gook*.

"Did you ever hear of Hamel?" I asked, telling him the story as Hamel has described it. Shim shook his head dubiously and maintained that no white man had ever been in Chae-Ju. I insisted, however, that there had been, and that Hamel had been kept fourteen years a prisoner in Corea and had finally escaped. That it was 235 years ago, and one object of my visit was to discover some evidence of his sojourn in the island. I asked again if there had not been at some time a colony of Europeans in Quelpaert (referring to the Portuguese, reported to have had at one time a settlement in Chae-Ju). To all these queries I received an emphatic negative, and, lest I should be considered as quite demented, I insisted no longer.

The *séance* was broken up by the arrival of messengers accompanied by guards. These latter fell upon the crowd and drove them out of the inclosure, after which servants came forward bearing eggs, chickens, and other presents from the Governor. When the repast was concluded I requested Mr. Shim to clear the people out, for they had filed in again as soon as the soldiers had gone and filled every available space. Finally I was left to myself. Kim was ill with a fever and Chung was asleep. Opening wide the door and lighting a cigar, I threw myself upon my blankets and in a little while, overcome by fatigue, slept, disturbed again and again during the night by the violent ringing of the city bell to frighten away the evil dragons, or by the incessant raids made by an army of rats upon the debris of our unconsumed repast.

*1st October.*—At nine o'clock in the morning the Governor's guards came. Mr. Shim said he had been instructed to clear the streets, and preceded by the soldiers we sallied forth, passing rapidly to the southwest gate, thence to the east gate, and, finally, stopping occasionally to photograph with my camera a type of the people or a view of the city, we reached the south gate by which we had entered Chu-Song. By this time, notwithstanding the orders of the Governor and the vigorous blows inflicted by the *conjangs*, the streets became impassable by reason of the crowd. In vain the paddle men cried "*Naogimara*," get in your house! Having accomplished at length the real object of my *sortie* I gave the order to return to the house, where, having had *tiffin* (breakfast) at noon, I prepared to obey the summons of the Governor, to whom I had already announced that I would pay him my visit of adieu, since I hoped to return to Peldo that same day. The simple thought of another night in our abode gave me a spasm of horror, as it did both Kim and Chung; but their spasms were not exactly those of the olfactories, for their nerves generally had become a little unsettled by the unusual strain to which they had been subjected. Arrived at the Governor's residence I found him surrounded by his friends and eunuchs, a fact which will give some idea of the pretensions of this *Chae-Ju* governor, who was receiving with all the *rigueur* of a crowned head. It was not impolitic, however, for he had already informed me that the people were wild and ungovernable and that he feared them. A display of much authority, therefore, was necessary to keep them in check.

Through the lattice doors, in the rear of the room in which I was received, I could plainly see the forms of a number of females, who, I remarked, were much more robust and better developed than those seen in Seoul. As a matter of fact, they are far from good looking, their principal excellence consisting in a wealth of black coarse hair. The white eunuchs, on the other hand, are much better looking than the tall, lantern-jawed looking specimens of the black and neuter gender, which I had been accustomed to look upon in Egypt, but the Corean eunuch does not enjoy the full confidence or social status which is the privilege of the Egyptian eunuch, doubtless because his fidelity is not above suspicion, and because his neutralization is not so complete as that of the black. The Governor's eunuchs are a fat, feminine looking class, and apparently, quite happy and most vain of their gaudy robes.\* It is said their lot is a subject of much envy and of jealous aspiration (?) among the lower classes. Several hours were spent in pleasant conversation with the Governor, whose embarrassment of the day before was replaced by a genuine cordiality, induced, without a doubt, by the prospect of my early departure. The inevitable *chow* was introduced, but having taken the precaution to breakfast, I begged to be excused. I then proceeded to photograph the Governor, who had donned his official dress for the occasion. When I had finished he desired very much to have a look at the picture, and could not be made to understand my refusal. On taking leave, the Governor caused a quantity of oranges, limes and *chun bocs* to be brought and presented to me,

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\* The Corean eunuch is always a married man.



as a souvenir of my visit. Quitting him, I returned with Kim to the house, where crowds were waiting to catch a glimpse of the foreigner.

At 4.30 P. M. the ponies provided by the Governor arrived. One word with reference to these animals, stories about which have done much to make Corea almost as marvellous as the land of Lilliput. For a fact the Chae-Ju pony is small, but I was told that the diminutive breed was only to be found in the adjacent island. When the luggage had been strapped upon the backs of coolies, we mounted our ponies and the escort preceding with music, banners and flags, we left the city by the east gate, to which point we were followed by a vast and ever curious throng which finally left us to make their way back to their homes, there to speculate and muse upon the stranger's apparition among them, and to weave no doubt another web in the maze of curious legends of a people, unnumbered and unknown as yet in the great world of which they are only nominally a part.

The march to Peltu was accomplished without incident. The road, unlike the one by which we had been led to the capital, was smooth and easy. The golden rays of the declining sun swept over the sea on our left and across our path, and rested on the sides of Halla San, where already the shadows of evening were gathering, rendering the scene one of peculiar beauty and grandeur.

As we entered Peltu we were again obliged to run the gauntlet of the curious throng, but the officer in charge cleared the way with his escort and with the aid of the inevitable *conjangs* we were soon arrived at our boat, where we were received with manifestations of joy by our imprisoned Japs, who were greatly disturbed by the

strict surveillance under which they had been kept by the authorities and the people. Bidding our escort adieu we went on board of the little *Bravo Maru*, happy to have successfully accomplished our proposed visit and glad indeed to exchange the poisoned atmosphere, which had in fact compelled our retreat from Chu-Song, for the pure air of the sea.

*2d October.*—The Prefect of Police came to see me the following morning and from his insinuating manner and hints I soon discovered that his visit was a begging one. I told Kim to give him some slight presents but nothing of value, unless we were allowed to camp on shore. The man asked for my blankets, and showed his ill humor when told point blank that he could not have them. The Prefect wanted medicine and he was given a quantity of quinine, cathartic pills, castor oil, and went away well pleased. When the people on shore discovered that I was a “medicine man,” I was besieged by applicants who desired to be treated. My pharmacy was small and was soon exhausted, when I was obliged to have recourse to primitive remedies. For example, I treated their sore eyes with salt water, to which color and aroma were imparted by a few drops of mixture, *Eau Dentifrice*, which I took from my toilet bag.\*

My limited pharmacy did not permit me to test fully the efficacy of my remedy whilst in Chae-Ju. Since

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\* I learned subsequently that my visit to Quelpaert has inspired the Missionaries with the idea that they may obtain a footing there, should they undertake to do so, I seriously recommend them to adopt the rôle of medicine men. The savage, whether Indian, African or Mongol, holds medicine in inexplicable awe. A bottle of croton or castor oil I have found in my travels to be a more potent “open sesame” to the savage heart than the finest elephant gun, if you are only given time to present these credentials.

our return from the capital we were again placed under surveillance and obliged to remain on our boat, from which during the day I succeeded in taking a number of views with my camera, attracting the attention of the people, curious to know the meaning of my looking into an instrument which they were told was to measure the height of Halla-San. When it seemed certain that the authorities would not permit me again to land, I resolved to return to Corea, and announced my intention to the captain and crew, who were very much elated thereat.

The pilot Yang Man Tuk had remained with us, and it now became a question of what to do with him, for he had been threatened with violence by the people, who were angered that he should have brought us to the island. I proposed to land him some distance down the coast in order that he might avoid the residents of Peldo and reach his home, which he said was near the eastern end of the island. He claimed, however, that he could run the gauntlet of the town at night. Accordingly, Kim gave him a good round sum in small copper cash, which here as in Fusan and along the coast constitutes the currency, 650 being equal to one yen or Mexican dollar. Tuk was overcome by his unexpected good fortune; he wound the cash, which is strung upon cords though the hole in the centre, around his body, and after repeated bows and expressions of thanks he vanished in the darkness of the night and we saw him no more.

#### VI.—THE RETURN.

*3d October.*—At 3 A. M. of the 3d of October the captain awakened me to announce that the wind had

changed to the southeast and was blowing steadily from that quarter. "Let her go, captain," I replied, and in the bright moonlight we moved silently out of the port with not even the bark of the ever watchful dogs to signal our departure. Favored by a good steady breeze the little *Bravo Maru* sped swiftly on her homeward course, and at sunset without accident we had gained the lee of the Soando group, where we could breathe freely, for the real dangers of the journey were now practically passed.

*5th October.*—On the 5th we ran into the harbor of *Majæ Mok* for fresh water.

*6th October.*—On the 6th we made To-Yong. To-Yong is the queen city of the Inland Sea of Corea, situated within a gorge of high hills and protected from the sea. The approach is through a beautiful bay, a good harbor of itself. The situation is delightful and well adapted with a fine shore to constitute a summer resort for good sea bathing. To-Yong, it is easy to see, will add materially to the revenue of Corea when it shall become an open port.

To-Yong possesses a number of well built Yamens and is the official residence of a mandarin. Whilst Chung was engaged in preparing tiffin, I went on shore with my camera and proceeded to photograph the harbor and city. Whilst I was at work, Kim made his way into the town to purchase an article of toilet without which a Corean does not exist—with dignity. Kim's hat had been smashed, and he was in such a state of mind that I was only too glad that an opportunity presented itself to purchase him a new one. Kim came back with his prize, but was very much flurried and said that the mandarin

had ordered him out of the town, and had also told him to say to the foreigner "that he must not come to To-Yong, that women were allowed to go about the streets, and he did not care to have them looked over by a foreigner." The audacity of the message angered me at first, but I laughed heartily a moment after, as I said: "Send back word to the mandarin, Kimmy, that he need have no fear for his old women, he can keep them and be hanged to him." But Kim would no more have sent my message than he would have hanged himself. Having secured a picture, I returned to the boat, first taking a delightful bath in the sea, and having breakfasted we set sail and were soon slipping along with a stiff fair wind.

The shore from this point is a succession of picturesque villages. On the flats may be seen great numbers of women, girls and boys, fishing for *nakgi*, a kind of devil-fish, greatly prized by the Coreans.

The wind died out with the sun, but my sailors, anxious to reach their homes, now stripped themselves of their clothing and taking the oars plied them vigorously during the entire night.

*7th October.*—The breeze came up with the morning sun and, making sail, we arrived at Fusan at noon.

Five hundred miles in a *sampan* under the conditions here recited, in the face not only of the ordinary dangers of the sea, but the always to be dreaded typhoon—a breath of which would have sufficed to have blown us into eternity—cannot be regarded as a pleasure promenade. When to this is added the successful visit and reception accorded us in the ever mysterious island of Quelpaert, the reader may understand the enthusi-

asm with which the *Bravo Maru* was received on our arrival by the brave and simple fishermen, who were not without a certain interest in the result, for it opened the door perhaps for them to fish and barter in the future.

At Fusan my journey had commenced, and returned, it ended there, so far as the *Bravo Maru* and crew were concerned. The Japs were paid off at once and with many genuflexions and *Siyinara*hs à la Japonaise they left me, to hie quickly to their families, whilst followed by Kim and Chung I sought my hotel, where I proposed to remain several days to await the arrival of the incoming steamers.

Fusan, in lat.  $35^{\circ} 6'$  and long.  $129^{\circ} 1'$  east of Greenwich, constituted as late as 1868 a fief of Tshushima, when it was added to Corea by Japan. The treaty of 1876 opened it to trade. It is in color, construction and population a Japanese settlement, and numbers 3,000 souls. The native Korean town is three miles distant at the head of the bay, but it is a mere collection of rude thatched huts. The port of Fusan is the most important in Corea and maintains a large export trade in cereals, beans, peas, hides, bones, sea-weed, fish, shark fins, *chunboc* and *chunboc* shells, grass cloth, etc.

The climate is mild and dry, and the place is the most or, rather, the only delightful place in Corea. Fusan is consecrated ground, and offers some inducements to the traveller student of history. It was here that the armies of the Tycoon, under the famous generals Konishi and Kato, landed on the 25th day of May, 1592, and on the same day invested and took the

celebrated castle of Tong-Nai, twelve miles distant, which still contains in its ruins some evidence of the invasion.

Twenty miles from Fusan on the sea is *Ulsan* where five years later the victorious army, besieged by the allied Chinese and Korean armies, resisted during an entire year, having given proofs of a heroism and valor which has made the Japanese name a terror to the Koreans.

On the 17th of October, having sent my attendants back to Seoul by the steamer bound to Chemulpo, I took passage on the steamer *Takachiho Maru* to Guensan, on the east coast of Corea in the Sea of Japan, and thence to Vladivostock in Eastern Siberia.

Siberia! At the very name a chill *tremor* runs through one's body, not only of cold, but because of its ill fame as the land of the exile. The island of *Saghalin* lies north of Vladivostock, and is one of the principal depots for the detention of exiles.

It is somewhat difficult to understand the transition to Siberia, for in imagination the way leads over barren steppes and by means of sleds drawn by reindeer over frozen snow. To have reached it so suddenly and by a short cut in an ocean steamer causes a lingering surprise, despite the chart on which I carefully noted the route.

Vladivostock is the prospective terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Along the proposed route there is a post road and telegraph already, by which one may send a letter to Europe or America for five cents, or a telegram for five cents per word. The town is purely a garrison, Russia having constituted it a military and naval station. The civil population numbers

perhaps ten thousand, the Cossack soldiers and marines being an unknown quantity, although I was told that on an emergency Russia can mobilize twenty thousand Cossacks at this point.

During my stay in Vladivostock, I remained on the steamer in default of finding a decent hotel on shore. I was the only passenger, and with the genial Welshman, Captain Walker, I would not in fact have exchanged my quarters had there been a "Grand Hotel" in the town.

On the 26th of October the steamer left for Guensan. I was not sorry to quit Vladivostock. The place was gloomy and cold, it had all the chill which imagination had given it in advance, in fact, it was Siberia—as I had seen it in my mind's eye, and four days of Vladivostock with its skies and frigid temperature gave me more than enough of the place. At Guensan I was hospitably entertained by Mr. C——, the Collector of the Royal Korean Customs, and by Mr. B——, his deputy. On the 29th, having bid adieu to these gentlemen, and to Captain Walker, to whom I was indebted for his genial and sympathetic companionship, I set out to return to Seoul overland, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. For this purpose I was provided with two pack ponies, one for my baggage and the other as a mount. The driver was a surly Korean, and the journey promised to be a lonely one, and so in fact it proved, not to mention the enforced close contact with coolies, fleas, and vermin of all sorts which swarmed in the foul and overheated kennels called *cahns*, the *inns* in which I was compelled to stop at night, which form the delight of the Korean.



A pleasant exception to this ordeal was the night of the first day's march, which I spent in the beautiful and romantic spot at the celebrated Buddhist monastery of Ampien, twenty-six miles from Guensan, where I was hospitably entertained by the jovial bonzes and by the venerable High Priest, Mr. "Suit-Ho," or "Snowy River," to whom I had a special letter of recommendation from Mr. Wo, the Chinese Consul at Guensan. For the rest my way lay along rough roads, over steep mountains, and now and then through the placer gold diggings, a few of which were being worked, though in a most primitive manner.

On the second day I passed on my left a mountain from which a dense column of vapor ascended, and gathered from my guide that it emanated from boiling springs. On the following morning, having climbed a very steep mountain, I discovered in the descent, and flowing from the mountain side, a source which I followed for several hours, when it widened into a bold, rapid stream, one of the principal sources of the Han River, now visited for the first time by a white man.

On the 4th November, at noon, I arrived in Seoul, having accomplished the distance across Corea of 180 miles in the short space of six and one-half marching days, and chiefly on foot, for my pony had gone lame on the second day's march from Guensan.

His Majesty, Li, King of Corea, when informed of my return, requested me to meet him in a private audience, and accordingly, on the 10th November, I was received at the palace where, surrounded by his eunuchs and mandarin councillors, the king listened with eager attention to the account of my adventures in Chae-Ju,

and when I had finished he questioned me closely as to the proper measures to be adopted to protect the island in a military sense.\* In this connection I should add that His Majesty, on two occasions since my residence in Seoul, had proffered me the command in chief of the Corean army, but I had respectfully declined that honor, chiefly because I believed it to be *infra dig.* whilst holding office under the United States Government to accept office under a semi-barbarous government, to say nothing of the poor results which such service attained as a rule, by reason of the jealousies and animosities provoked on the part of the native element. It was, however, my proud privilege, in recounting to the King of Corea the substance of the foregoing expedition, to add a page to the unwritten history of an island and people almost unknown to the sovereign himself, and terminate thus with this pleasant episode my journey from Corea to Quelpaert in the footprints of Kublai Khan.

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\* Subsequently, and when I had resigned my post, I was accorded a lengthy and pleasant interview with the Secretary of State, who among other things desired to learn my opinion in regard to the concessions to be obtained from Oriental governments and which seemed to be the objective of many of our representatives to those governments. Some of them, as the Secretary well knew, were even then using their official position to secure for themselves lucrative offices under the governments to which they were accredited. Reply having been made that such action was discreditable to the United States Government, and should be made a subject of rigid action on the part of the Department, the Secretary related a case apropos to the matter where a gentleman, a United States Minister returning from his post, stopped in London and went to see Lord Salisbury, and after reciting at great length the sum of what he had succeeded in obtaining, Lord Salisbury exclaimed : " Well, Mr. Minister, I hope you have left the air in that country." It is to be assumed that the rebuke was not lost upon our countryman.